



## The true and particular Account of The shocking and dreadful Fire

Which happened on Wednesday last, by the house of Mr. *Clithero*, of Half Moon Alley, Bishopsgate-street, blowing up, when Mrs. *Clithero*, her three children, and four other persons, perished in the conflagration.

**O**N Wednesday morning a dreadful fire broke out in Half Moon Alley, Bishopsgate-street, which consumed four houses, before it could be got under, notwithstanding the utmost exertion of the firemen, who attended with the engines belonging to the several offices.

This dreadful calamity was occasioned, as we are informed, in the following manner:

Mrs. *Clithero*, was a widow, and resided at a house in Half Moon Alley, one end of which comes into Bishopsgate-street, the other into Long Alley, near Moorfields.

Mr. *Clithero* was a maker of fireworks, and his widow, by the assistance of her eldest son, and servants, carried on the above business.

In this manner they were employed, busily making preparations against the ensuing rejoicing day, viz. the 5th of November, which is the anniversary of gunpowder treason, when, about half past one in the morning, some of the combustibles took fire, and instantly blew up the house of Mrs. *Clithero*, and all who were so unfortunate as to be in it, with a horrid explosion.

Instantly the adjacent houses were in flames, and four of them were shortly destroyed.

When Mrs. *Clithero*'s house was blown up, the shock was so great, that the inhabitants of Moorfields, Broad-street, and places adjacent, supposed it was an earthquake.

And several of them had the glass in their windows shivered to pieces.

The timbers, and other materials of Mrs. *Clithero*'s house, were scattered around.

But what renders this accident truly deplorable, is, that eight persons are already known to have lost their lives, viz. Mrs. *Clithero*, three of her children, and four other persons, who resided in the house.

And it is much to be feared, that more have perished.

A woman, who lodged in the garret was blown into an adjoining yard, and tho' dreadfully alarmed, escaped unhurt. Young Mr. *Clithero*, the eldest son, was fortunately not at home when the accident happened.

### A COPY of VERSES.

A Shocking accident befall,  
As I now will relate,  
Where eight unhappy, helpless souls,  
Met an untimely fate;  
A house on Wednesday was blown up  
Where Mrs. *Clithero* dwelt,  
In Half Moon Alley she did live,  
Many the shock they felt.

By trade a firework maker was,  
Her living got that way,  
In making fireworks were employ'd,  
Against Guy Faux's day;  
Twixt one and two, the powder did  
Some sparks of fire take,  
Which instantly the house blew up,  
Resembling an earthquake.

Poor Mrs. *Clithero*, and children three,  
Did perish by the same,  
Four other persons likewise kill'd,  
Whom yet we cannot name;  
The adjoining houses they took fire,  
And four of them came down,  
Devouring flames still bursting forth,  
This misery to crown.

A woman, in the garret lodg'd,  
Was blown into the yard,  
A wonderful escape she had,  
For she did then receive no hurt,  
Altho' so high she fell,  
God's mercy it is very great,  
Which many a one can tell.

From such a sudden, timeless death,  
O God protect us all,  
Let us prepare to meet him, when  
Upon us he shall call;  
For these departed souls ne'er thought  
So soon grim death would come,  
Life is uncertain, then prepare  
For a most certain doom.